But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*, west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edward.* time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

of Richar

To turne their points on thei
Now *Margrets* curse is falle
When he quoth she, shall sp
Remember *Margret* was a pr
Come sirs, conuey me to th
Wrong hath but wrong, and

Enter Richmond with

Rich. Fellowes in armes, an
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoak
Thus farre into the bowels o
Haue we marcht on without
And heere receiue we from c
Lines of faire comfort, and e
The wretched, bloody, and
That spoil'd your sommer-fiel
Swils your warme blood like
In your imboweld bosome, th
Lies now euen in the center o
Neere to the Towne of *Leices*
From *Tamworth* thither, is but
In Gods name cheare on, cour
To reape the harueſt of perp
By this one bloody tryall of
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscien
To fight against that bloody
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his fr
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but
Which in his greatest need w
Rich. All for our aduantage,
True hope is swift, and flies wi
Kings it makes Gods, and mea

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ra

King. Here pitch our tents, e
Why how now *Catesby*, why
Cat. My heart is ten times lig
King. Norfolke come hither:
Norfolke we must haue knock
Nor. We must both giue and
King. Vp with my tent, here

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.6